The Weekly Ledger.

R. M. WHITE, Publisher.

MEXICO, - - MISSOURI.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—A movement is making to procure the appointment of the widow of Gen. Custer as Postmistress at her home in Monroe, Mich.

—Mr. Carlyle said to Professor Huxley recently: "You Darwinians are spending your lives in trying to prove that men are descended from apes; and it needs more than our civilization to prevent them from being ogres."

—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) and Bret Harte have, through their publishers, the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, Ct., entered suits against persons in Canada for infringement of copyright.

—Mrs. Coleman, the daughter of Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky, and the translator of the interminable Muhlbach novels, is a tall, majestic person, strikingly like her distinguished father in feature. She lives in Washington.

—A German critic of Mr. Hawthorne's recent Saxon studies, speaking of the women, says: "I have my doubts whether a studier class of women exists in the world, from the stout old countess to the bare-legged peasants." What a contrast to the French and American angelic but dyspeptic consumers of bon bons.

—Peleg Sprague, formerly for many years Representative and Senator in Congress from Maine, and subsequently Judge of the United States District Court of Massachusetts, now lives in Boston, and is totally blind. He is the last survivor of the memorable Senate of 1830, among whose members were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Wright, Hayne, Grundy, Marcy, Ewing, King, Clayton, Tazewell and Tyler.

—Speaking of the bores and impositions inflicted upon the literary community, I am reminded of an incident in Longfellow's experience which is not generally known. He received a letter requesting him to compose an acrostic, the first letters of which should spell "My sweet girl." The applicant added, "Write as if it were some beautiful girl with whom you were in love—just as if it were for yourself." At the foot of the letter were these words, "Send bill." How gratified the poet must have been with such a testimony to his talent from an utter stranger.

School and Church.

—There are in St. Louis 26 kindergartens, with an average attendance of 50 pupils each.

—The Cherokee Baptist women have formed a missionary association, pledging themselves to give a dollar each yearly.

—At Roanoke College, in Virginia, we have the novelty of nine Choctaws entering, with a view of taking the full course.

—Professor Harrington, of the Ann Arbor University, Michigan, it is rumored, has received an offer of $4,000 a year to teach in the imperial palace in China.

; A new American chapel is to be built in Geneva, Switzerland, in order to accommodate the crowds who can not find room in the present one. It will cost $20,000, and be finished next July.

—Three colored brethren have been ordained as Lutheran ministers in North Carolina; and one colored brother from the African Methodist Church, Bishop John M. Brown, goes as a missionary to Hayti.

—The New York *World* prints a list of the principal bequests to the educational institutions of the higher class in the United States during the last half-year. The total is something ever $800,000.

—The Reformed Episcopal Church has 56 settled pastors. Some of these are in charge of several small congregations. There are four congregations in Chicago, five in Philadelphia, three in Baltimore, and five in New York and Brooklyn.

—In the hall, in Boston, where the Rev. W. H. H. Murray preaches, the seats are sold for single Sundays at a price proportionate to the yearly rentals—fifty cents being charged for the best situations. Tickets, including reserved seats, are sold in advance at one of the music stores in the city.

Science and Industry.

—Detroit puts up 500,000 fish annually for the Southern market.

—A Massachusetts firm has had an order for 270,000 barrels of pickled fish from Germany.

—C. G. Atkins, of Grand Lake, Me., will busy himself this winter hatching out 550,000 fish eggs.

—The cotton factory at Wesson, Miss., employs a force of 500 persons, and produces 8,000 yards of cloth per day.

—A California farmer has recently disposed of his wheat crop for $658,000, realizing a profit thereon of $200,000.

—San Francisco consumes 90,000,000 oysters per annum. One-third of this vast total are transported all the way from Baltimore.

—The United States Stamped-envelope Company at Hartford now employs 175 hands, and turns out some 700,000 envelopes a day.

—Fifteen thousand salmon have been placed in the headwaters of the Tallahatchie River, Miss., and Pearl River is also to be stocked in the same way.

—A New Jersey capitalist has purchased 35,000 acres in Scott County, Tenn., and will lay out a new town on the line of the Cincinnati Southern railroad.

—Notwithstanding the extent of cartridge manufacture from American copper abroad, the manufacture in the United States is the largest in the world, and at the present very active, turning out 2,000,000 per day.

—A machinist of Cleveland, O., named Charles Langschmit, has invented a freezing machine in which no chemicals are used, the principle on which it is constructed being that air when compressed gives off its heat more readily. Air is accordingly condensed to one-tenth of its original bulk, and, in this condition, is passed through small pipes surrounded by running water, which absorbs and carries off the heat. The air is then passed into the freezing tank, allowed to expand and found to be of a temperature of 20 degrees below zero.

Haps and Mishaps.

—Alphoso Stacy, one of the editors of the Tecumseh (Mich.) *Herald*, jumped from a moving train the other night, and, striking against a water-tank, was thrown under the cars and run over. He lived but a few hours.

—Christian Hanson, a well-to-do farmer, living near Northwood, Iowa, was a few days ago burned to death in his barn, which had taken fire, and from which he was trying to rescue some of his stock.

—Henry Edwards, a yard-man connected with the Little Miami Railroad, while attempting to uncouple some cars at Columbus, O., slipped and fell, and two freight cars and an engine passed over his body, cutting it in two.

—On Thanksgiving evening Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pierce, of Delaware Township, Sac County, Iowa, started to attend a party. The night was cold, and they were well wrapped in robes and blankets. Upon their arrival at the party, it was discovered that their little babe—a bright boy about three months old—was dead, smothered.

—Mrs. Nellie Hendricks, residing near Sacramento, McLean County, Ky., carefully and neatly attired her person and walked out to a spring near the house into which she plunged headforemost. The spring was inclosed in a hollow log, commonly called a "gum," with an inner diameter of about two feet, about five feet deep, with a depth of four feet of water. The unfortunate woman was found dead in the gum, her feet protruding above it, and her bonnet and shawl hanging near by on the limb of a tree. No cause is assigned for the deed.

Foreign Notes.

—The infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh has received the name of Victoria.

—All-Hallows Church in Bread Street, just out of Cheapside, London, is to be destroyed to make room for business. It is over 300 years old, and John Milton was christened in it.

—When an English Prince is born, a member of the Government, generally the Home Secretary, is required to be present. The Duchess of Edinburgh's recent accouchement took place at Malta, and the Governor of that possession stood in place of the Secretary.

—During their short stay in Constantinople, the Emperor and Empress of Brazil received hundreds of petitions for aid, written in a great variety of languages and dialects. On leaving they distributed 100 lire among some of the petitioners, and sent $250 to a charitable institution.

—The retiring Lord Mayor of London recently gave a banquet to 300 members of the dramatic profession, and told them that he regarded the English drama the most perfect in the world in variety of representation, including Shakespeare, melodrama, old and new comedy, burlesque and farce.

—Lucy Hooper tells how the proud French Baroness de la X—— has just been sentenced to imprisonment two years for stealing finery for her two daughters. The daughters have entered a convent, and the young man who was to have married one of them has become a gloomy bachelor, neglectful of his clothes and extremely misanthropical.

—In the German Parliament a motion on the part of the opposition that prisoners arraigned for high treason, as in Count Arnim's case, should be tried by jury instead of the Imperial Court, was rejected by a large majority, also the proposal that in the Polish provinces the Polish language, as well as German, should be admitted in the law courts.

Odds and Ends.

—Companions in arms—Twins.

—Doesn't a man contract a debt when he pays part of it.

—Never tell what a success you are. Let some one else do it,

—A man who drinks lightly is now called "a Durham," because he is of the "short-horn" breed.

—Christmas "greens"—Men who give their wives $25 with which to buy their husbands $2.50 Christmas presents.

—"Look a-har," remarked a Granger to the waiter of a Main-Street lunch-room last week, "your coffee is O. K.; your hash is about correct, but ain't your eggs a leetle too ripe?"

—A man swearing the peace against three of his sons thus concludes his affidavit: "And this deponent further saith that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection was his youngest son Larry, for he never struck him when he was down."

—The worst case yet is that of a young New York gentleman who visited New Jersey. He retired at midnight, after seven "hot apples," and he was found at 6 the next morning standing against the wall trying to pull the mantel-piece up round his neck and complaining that "the clothes" were not tucked in.

—The New York *Tribune* has recently published some statistics of the cost of worship in that city. In one fashionable church an assessment of 6 per cent. yearly is laid upon owners of pews, who paid for them rates ranging from $300 to $6,000 annually, and those who only rent pews are additionally taxed at the rate of 13 per cent. on their valuation. This makes the annual rental of the highest pew $780, and the lowest $39. In one church, where the clergy and music cost $19,000, the income from the pew-rents is $45,000 annually, which sum is paid by 500 persons who compose the entire congregation. Bishop Potter said recently the poor had but a small chance to hear the Gospel preached in the grander temples of worship.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

An Exceedingly Thrilling but True Ghost Story.

It was about 11 o'clock at night.

Nellie and I were sitting by the bow-window in our drawing-room, which she had thrown wide open. The day had been most oppressively hot, but now a faint breeze was coming in from the sea, most refreshingly welcome after the sultry, stifling heat of the day.

It was quite dark—that soft, velvety darkness that belongs only to a perfectly moonless, starless night.

Just down below our window lay the yard or two of garden, then the long, straight line of the promenade, with its asphalt walk and drive dimly defined by a shadowy row of white posts connected by ornamental chains. Beyond the embankment lay the wide, desolate waste of sands, stretching away for miles and miles on either hand.

The tide was far out, so far that only a sort of pale gray gleam on the horizon showed where the sea was just beginning to creep over the shoals and sand-banks off the Southport Coast. Seven miles away to the right, across the estuary of the Ribble, the steady light from the Lytham Light-house kept vigilant watch and ward over the dangerous Horse Bank, that treacherous, dangerous shoal on which many a good ship has gone to its doom of shipwreck and death.

Nellie was leaning out of the window, her elbow on the sill, her eyes fixed on the misty, soft darkness outside. It was as dark inside as out; we had no thought of lighting the gas that long summer evening.

"How still it is!" she said dreamily. "What a spell of solemn silence the night lays on every thing!"

As if to contradict her words, a faint sound like a far-off voice seemed suddenly to rise from the sands below, and swept by with a prolonged, mournful cry.

"What is that?" she asked, startled.

"Some one calling down on the sands," I said. "The intense stillness carries the sound a great distance at night."

"I heard such a wild legend this morning," she went on, presently, "connected with those great deserts of sand that stretch over toward Lytham. Old Joe, the boatman, says they are haunted by a phantom voice."

"How thrilling!" I remarked, skeptically. "What does it say?"

"Don't scoff, Jean," said Nellie, a little vexedly. "It's a most pathetic, dreadful legend. Years ago, before there was a town here at all, people used to cross the sands between here and Lytham on horseback. One stormy evening a traveler had crossed as usual, and had almost reached the shore, when suddenly a bright light appeared, hovered for a moment over a spot a yard or two away, and then vanished. At the same moment a piteous, unearthly cry echoed all around. The horse became wild with terror, and broke loose, throwing his rider to the ground. When he recovered himself, he found lying on the ground at his feet the body of a beautiful young girl. She was quite dead, with a ghastly wound in her side, from which the blood had flowed all over her white dress.

"The traveler staggered away to the nearest house, got assistance, and had the girl's body laid in an upper room

"That night an awful storm arose. A ship was wrecked on the Horse Bank, and only one man, the Captain, saved. He was taken to the same house where the traveler had already found shelter, and, by some mistake, was put in the room where the murdered girl was lying. At the sight of her he gave an appalling shriek, and fell down senseless. When he revived, he was questioned, and confessed that the beautiful young girl was his wife, whom in a moment of rage and jealousy he had stabbed to the heart and cast into the sea. And the sea had given up her dead, and the waves had cast him on shore, and the murderer and his victim were face to face. And now they say the voice of the murdered girl haunts the place where she was found. It seems to rise from the sands, and goes echoing and wailing along, calling, calling, as if in mortal agony. The old boatman says people have followed it, believing some one was in peril, and have been forced on and on, till the tide has overtaken them, and they are drowned."

"What a horrible tale!" I said, with a shudder. "I wish you had not told it to me."

"And he says," went on Nellie, unheeding my remark, "that whoever hears the voice is in risk of great peril or danger, or some kind of sorrow or trouble is about to happen to him."

Nellie's voice had unconsciously taken a tone of awe. The still, somber darkness, the midnight hour, and the weird, melancholy legend, had infected us both with an undefined sensation of oppression and fear, a presentiment of dread and evil.

We kept our places by the window, looking out into the deep, velvety darkness, with the far-away, solitary light from the light-house gleaming like a red spark.

Suddenly, while we sat, the sound of a voice rose up again from the lonely sands, a moaning, piteous voice, wailing and imploring, as if in unutterable distress. It seemed to mingle with the boom of the distant sea, now rising, now falling, a lonely, desolate wail, thrilling through the darkness like a soul in mortal agony. It was dying away in the distance in a low, faint sob, when Nellie suddenly sprang back into the room.

"O, Jean, look!" she cried. "Look, the phantom light!"

I leant out of the window, and gazed out along the promenade. Flashing through the somber darkness like a great star was a brilliant, beautiful light. It came rapidly toward us from the right, apparently floating in the air, and illuminating the space before it for several yards. It advanced very swiftly, with a steady, forward motion, floating along about a yard from the ground. As it came nearer we perceived, looming dimly behind it, a giant shadow, weird and grotesque, with outspread wings and misty, undefined form, while a sharp rustling, whirring sound accompanied its progress.

As the phantom approached, the desolate moaning rose again from the sands, and swept along in low, shuddering cries, dying away sad and piteous as before. With the last faint sound, the light leaped up for one second into intense brilliancy and disappeared.

"O!" cried Nellie, fearfully. "What is it, Jean?"

"I don't know," I replied, a feeling of unaccountable dread and horror taking hold of me. The very demon of fear seemed to possess my senses; an icy grasp of terror laid hold of my heart.

The air outside seemed to have become suddenly clammy and cold; a chilly, eerie wind crept in at the window. The very darkness seemed filled with shapes, hideous and impalpable, at which I dare not look, lest they should take form before my eyes.

"There it is again," shuddered Nellie.

And with unutterable dread we saw the brilliant, star-like light again floating toward us, this time from the right hand.

It came on swiftly, with the impalpable, fantastic shadow in the air above it, and, when exactly opposite, vanished.

We sat paralyzed with terror, not daring to move, a horrible, benumbing terror seizing our hearts.

This phenomenon happened several times, the light alternately appearing from the right and left, and always vanishing when exactly opposite to us, and always accompanied by the moaning voice.

Again the low wailing sounds from the sands, profoundly melancholy, inexpressibly mournful, like nothing akin to humanity. No words were uttered, but the agony of the tones was like a voice from the grave.

"Jean, Jean; here it is again!" cried Nellie, cowering in my arms.

And once more the brilliant phantom light appeared. This time it came on more slowly, glancing to and fro unsteadily, while the shadowy form behind it seemed more grotesque and misty than ever.

"Oh, Jean, if it is true! If it comes to foretell some loss, some trouble!" sobbed Nellie, in tears.

"Hush, hush, dear!" I tried to say reassuringly. "It can not be. Sorrow may come to us if God wills it, but not through ——"

"I say, old fellow," shouted a voice down below in the darkness. "You'll frighten somebody into fits with that lantern dodge of yours. You and your confounded bicycle look like some horrible ghostly specter, flitting along in the dark. You gave me a precious start, I can tell you."

Nellie and I jumped to our feet and gazed incredulously out of the window.

Down below, in the road, a yard or two to the right, the phantom light stood stationary at last. In the glare before it a young fellow was standing, while behind loomed the fantastic, mysterious shadow, robbed of all its terrors in a moment.

"Isn't it a stunning dodge?" said the shadow, in most unghostly slang. "You see, Jack, this asphalt's first-rate to practice on; but a fellow has no chance in the daytime for these confounded carriages; so I rigged out this dark-lantern, and fastened it to my bicycle, and I can spin along in peace now."

"Take care you don't spin away the wits of all the old maids on the promenade," returned the other. "You look most horribly like some goblin from the lower regions, with your dark-lantern flashing in front, those noiseless wheels, and your long legs and arms spread out like great wings behind."

The other laughed.

"The old maids are all fast asleep long ago, bless their old eyes!" he returned, irreverently. "But I say, Jack, the match for the four oars will have an awful storm. Listen! How the wind sighs and moans among the girders of the pier! It sounds for all the world like some one calling out in distress, and it's a sure sign of rough weather. What a rage Gregory will be in if—"

The two old maids had heard quite enough. Nelly and I looked at each other rather sheepishly, it must be confessed, and then burst into a hearty laugh.—*London Society.*

Rules of Table Etiquette.

1. Do not keep others waiting for you either at the beginning or close of the meal.
2. Do not sip soup from the tip but from the side of the spoon.
3. Be careful not to drop or spill any thing on the table-cloth.
4. Keep your plate clean; do not heap all sorts of food on at once.
5. In passing your plate to be reheaped, retain the knife and fork.
6. When asked for a dish do not shove but hand it.
7. When drinking do not look around.
8. Instruct the servant to hand the cup at the left side, so that it may be received by the right hand.
9. Do not drink your tea or coffee without first removing the spoon from the cup to the saucer.
10. Use the knife for cutting only; never put it to the lips or mouth.
11. Break your bread into small pieces and rest them on your plate while spreading.
12. Do not eat too fast; besides giving one the appearance of greed it is not healthy.
13. If you find any thing unpleasant in your food put it aside as quietly as possible, without drawing the attention of others to it.
14. Do not open the lips or make any unnecessary noise in chewing.
15. Do not touch the head.
16. Do not rest the elbows on the table.
17. Be thoughtful of and attentive to the wants of those about you.
18. Converse on pleasant subjects with those sitting near you.
19. Do not say any thing not intended for all present to hear.
20. Leave your plate with the knife and fork laying parallel, the handles pointing to the right.
21. Never leave the table before others without asking the lady or gentleman who presides to excuse you.—*Washington Chronicle.*

UNCOMPAHGRE PEAK.

The Scenes and Sights from the Highest Point on the Continent—A Splendid Panorama of Beauty.

[Lake City Correspondence Denver Tribune.]

This will, some day, be a part of the grand rounds of the tourist, for it is right in the line of travel to the top of Uncompahgre Peak, the highest of the Rocky Mountain peaks, its altitude being 14,540 feet above the sea. From the crystal beds to the base of Uncompahgre is but three miles by a very easy line of travel. Upon the morning of the 29th of September, after having gathered some four or five hundred pounds of crystals, we broke camp, and in company with three of my companions I started for

THE TOP OF THE PEAK.

Arriving at the base, which rests upon the tops of mountains 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the bed of Henson Creek, we started up. For about one hour we had very easy climbing, and to within about 800 feet of the top, when it became more precipitous. One of my companions gave out at this point—lungs too weak to stand the lightness of the air. The others, C. G. Lynd and A. Strasburg, continued with me to the top. I have given the names of these parties as witnesses, for it is continually asserted in Lake City, by parties who pretend to have been up to the top of Uncompahgre, "that the only means of getting to the top is from the western end of the mountain," whereas it is exactly the reverse.

Around the western face of the peak is a square-cut perpendicular wall, over which one looks with horror, into depths so deep that the thought of a view into the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas

PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE.

Could one be satisfied that the outer edge would not crumble with the 150 pounds weight, we would perhaps get accustomed to lying over the brink; but having no such assurance, one naturally recoils with horror, and secures a more respectful distance to take in the grandeur of the scene presented to the view. We are standing upon a table of brown trap rock, of some five to six acres in extent, sloping gently to the northeast—over in which direction we see the high peaks of Chalk Creek and the mountains beyond, and directly east of those of the Sangre de Christo range, 150 miles away. Directly to the north two long and straight rivers put out from the low mountains at our feet, and strike out for the Gunnison River, which circles completely around this grand old mountain chain. Rising to the southwest of where we stand, it flows east, and north, and west, and thence to the Colorado River, which continues on in a southwesterly course until it loses itself in the broad Gulf of California, so that the waters of this highest point in Colorado branch out to

ALL THE POINTS OF THE COMPASS,

and are gathered again by the Gunnison River in a circuit of fifteen to fifty miles from this grand old mountain. And still over and beyond all this broad expanse of mountain and valley can be seen the heights of the Elk Mountain range, all rich in mineral and coal.

To the northwest and west the country breaks off more rolling, and among the low mountains may be easily traced the Valley of the Uncompahgre River, while still beyond great plains and rolling lands that extend away off into Utah, until one thinks the whole West and Northwest is panoramaed before the view. It does not take a very great stretch of imagination to hear the whistle of the locomotive upon the Utah and Southern Railroad, although 200 miles away in an air line. But to the south and southwest lies the picture of

GREATEST LOVELINESS;

no, of glory. From the time the eye first catches a glimpse of it, to the last moment of leaving the mountain top, it seems as though one could not see it often enough. I have looked upon it often, and each and every view only confirms me in former impressions—that is the grandest, most sublime picture of this continent. Why is it? It is 100 miles of snow-capped mountains, commencing at, say, 25 miles from where we stand, and reaching out to the south and southwest as far as the eye can reach, and lying, tier upon tier of white caps, an ocean of angry waves, each glazier and glacis reflectors of dazzling splendor. Here, but a few miles from us, and yet seemingly at our feet, lies Engineer Mountain, and still behind and beyond it, Hardee's Peak, Mount Canby, Galena Mountain, Mount Wilson, Pigeon's Peak, Sultan Mountain, Mount Sneffels, and a host of others, ranging from 13,000 to over 14,000 feet in height. I shut my eyes, and with the wind blowing a hurricane, which it nearly always does upon these high peaks, I could fancy nothing in comparison to save the grand old ocean lashed to fury in its wildest storm. With this picture photographed upon my mind's eye, we left the top of Uncompahgre Peak, after having built a monument eight feet high, from which we left the Stars and Stripes floating in the air.

This was my second visit to Uncompahgre. Once before—in August of 1874—and I made this ascent with witnesses, to

CLEAR UP A POINT

of accusation against Prof. Hayden, or Lieut. Wheeler, to-wit: That his party had not been to the top, for it was impossible to get up but from the west end of the mountain, and that one of their monuments had been found about half-way up. We examined the ground thoroughly, and I came prepared to say that there was no monument of any kind to be seen until we arrived at the top, and then we found a Government monument nine feet high, with a piece of stick six inches long, scored plainly 'U. S. G. S.,' and upon the reverse, the latitude and longitude. But this had been ruined by the breaking of the stick, which had evidently been left standing in the monument, but broken off by some party bent on vandalism more than pleasure and profit. So it can be set down for a fact that Uncompahgre Peak can only be ascended from the long gradual slope at the northeast end, and that although Uncle Sam's geological survey may not have been the first white men to climb to its rugged heights, yet they have been there and left good proof thereof. And another thing, let none omit seeing it because of the roughness of the last half of the climb. For the view from 1,000 feet below the extreme point of peak transcends all that most mortals would wish to see, and few ever accomplish.

Grazing Plains in the Moon.

Every one has noticed the dark spots which mottle the surface of the full moon. These long ago used to be considered seas, and in the geography of the lunar orb went under such names as the Sea of Tranquility, the Sea of Nectar, the Sea of Serenity, the Sea of Ruins, and the Ocean of Tempests. They are still designated seas by astronomers, for convenience sake, but are known to be nothing but vast plains hemmed in, in some cases, by lofty rugged mountains. When examined through the telescope some of these plains exhibit a greenish tint, strongly marked, but here and there difficult to catch except under favorable conditions. This verdant hue has excited speculation. If the moon has no atmosphere and no water it may arise from the color of the ground, but certainly can not indicate vegetation. If, however, the moon has an atmosphere the case is entirely altered, and recent studies of the state of the lunar surface have excited grave doubts as to its being nothing but an airless, waterless, unalterable desert, a changeless mass of dead matter. An American scientific cotemporary proceeds boldly from doubt to certainty. "The moon," it observes, "is now known to have an atmosphere of considerable volume and density, to present abundant evidence of physical activity and change, and to have in all probability water enough to make life easily possible on its surface. The moon is dying, but not dead. Being so much smaller than the earth it has run its course more rapidly, but it is still a good way off from that goal of ultimate deadness to which so many astronomers have theoretically assigned it. There is not the slightest adequate evidence, Neison says, of the popular view of want of life, and its truth would be admitted by no astronomer who had devoted sufficient attention to selenography to enable him to thoroughly realize the probable present condition of the moon." If such is the case, the green-tinted plains may be nothing but vast grassy regions covered with flocks and herds. The "man in the moon" may have abundant pasturage for his cattle, and many a shepherd-boy may be there seated on the ground, piping as though he should never grow old. It is a pity we can only speculate. Reality is true romance, and if we knew all that goes on in the moon, astronomers would probably shut up their books and break their telescopes.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

An Esquimaux House, or Hut.

One would think that, cold and dreadful as the Arctic regions are known to be, the inhabitants would need every comfort that could be imagined in the way of a house. But no. The first thing the Esquimaux does in his home-building is to clear away the snow and ice from a spot of ground of the right size for his house. This he makes as smooth as he can, leaving one end a little higher than the other. The higher end is to serve as parlor and bedroom; the lower as work-shop and kitchen. Around this cleared spot of earth blocks of hard frozen snow are laid in such a fashion that they form a low round roof, resembling in shape the half of a hollow ball. By way of a window, a small square of rather thin and clear ice is set into the wall. On the side of the house least exposed to wind is a long and very low passage-way leading to the open air. This passage is so low that the inmates of the house have to crawl through it on their hands and knees. The door is only a loose block of snow. These huts do not appear to be very charming residences, but there are two good things about them. One is, that the high winds of that desolate region can not possibly blow a hut over, though they may bury it in snow; the other good thing is, that no one hut can be lived in longer than a season. The poor Esquimaux are, unfortunately, a very dirty people, and if they lived ever so long in one house they would never clean it. But the snow-house finally cleans itself in the most thorough manner, for as soon as the warm days of summer come it melts away, and its inmates must set about building a seal-skin tent that will shelter them till winter comes again.—*St. Nicholas for January.*

The Way a Texas Girl Played the Piano.

There are quite a number of respectable men in this town who have no ear whatever for music, in illustration whereof we submit the following:

Yesterday afternoon one of the most influential citizens of Ward No. 5 approached a policeman on the plaza and began conversing with him after this style:

"Ain't you the policeman who is on night duty in my ward?"

The policeman replied that he was.

"Well," continued the irate tax-payer, "what I want to know is why you let that drunken wretch howl and shriek, and fling tin pans about half the night, so I can't get a wink of sleep?"

"Right opposite where you live, Colonel?"

"Yes. He begins at 8 o'clock, and he goes on loud enough to wake even a policeman up."

The policeman smiled grimly, and replied: "I did hear that row, Colonel, and I got a pair of handcuffs and some ropes and a dray, but when I got inside of the house I found it was only a young lady singing at a piano."

And then the two steered for a saloon, the policeman promising he would not say a word about the matter. This is a great climate for lungs.—*San Antonio Express.*

Squash Fritters.—1 pint of cooked squash, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, a little salt, and flour enough to make them turn easily on the griddle.